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THE OPEN ROAD

Open to my eager eye,
Gleaming gray the highways lie,
Stretching forward to the sky,
 Calling ever, "Come";
Luring on to green-topped hills,
Shady woods, cool springs, and rills,
With their undiscovered thrills,
 Tempting me from home.

Flashing spoke and flying tire,
Shining limbs of silver fire
Seeming onward to aspire,
 Gleaming steely bright.
While such steed awaits my will,
Never long shall I be still,
Faring on from hill to hill,
 Tireless, morn to night.

Mounting with the rising sun,
Haste I on ere day's begun,
Where the river mists are spun,
 Hanging white and gray.
Where the breeze-borne vapors flowed
Dripping leaves beside the road,
Bending with their dewy load,
 Beautify my way.

Every turn brings new delight
Streaming inward on my sight.
Fields and meadows glowing bright,
 Reaping is begun.
Throbbing through the brooding air
Drowsy drones the mower, where
Grasses wave in billows fair
 'Neath the yellow sun.

Lustrous lies the lake unrolled,
Lily spangled, white and gold,
Gemlike on its surface cold,
 Sparkling, crystal, gay.
Light and free the osprey soars
O'er the torrent he explores;
Loud the falling water roars,
 Calling me away.

Riding o'er the hilltop high,
Poised between the earth and sky,
While far below the valleys lie
 Wrapt in azure haze,
Dim the city I descry
Where the smoke-wraiths float and fly,
Born of fires that never die,
 From the foundry's blaze.

Still as farther on I go,
Ever worlds of wonder grow,
Many more the road can show,
 Wandering far and free.
Spanning rivers deep and wide,
Leaping down the mountain side,
Roads go on whate'er betide,
 Joining sea to sea.

T. BUELL CARD, '16

HIGH SCHOOL
WOONSOCKET, R.I.

ON TEACHING ENGLISH

A child, I loved the sea, and many a day
I dreamed to dusk beside the echoing strand,
But never came the voyages I planned,
Sea-questing years on ocean's pathless way;
No night so dark, no threatening storm so gray
But my good ship, obedient to my hand,
Should ride the waves; or, where soft breezes fanned,
Rest by the opening portals of Cathay.

In this my little boat I breast the shore,
Where children gather wondering, eager-eyed,
To watch the galleons anchoring in the bay.
Far reaches may these eager youths explore.
Content within this inlet I abide,
If I may see them launched toward far Cathay.

LAURA BELL EVERETT